

The

SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 4077. Vol. 156
16 DECEMBER, 1933

The Paper that puts the Empire first

Which is most important ?

*THE SAFETY OF LONDON or the IMAGINARY
dignity of the Prime Minister ?*

YE CITIZENS OF LONDON

By Lady Houston, D.B.E.

LONDONERS,

YOU are Citizens of no mean City and yet—the London we love and are so proud of—is the only Capital without any Defence against an invasion from the Air !

DO you realise what this means ?

IT means that your homes and your children could be destroyed in a few hours.

ARE you content—IN ORDER TO PLEASE THE PRIME MINISTER—to remain in this deadly peril ?

THE finest machines and bravest airmen are eagerly waiting to be employed to protect you.

DO you want this protection ?

I AM told it will cost two hundred thousand pounds, and I will gladly give this sum to save London and its inhabitants from this terrible danger—as a Christmas Present to my Country.

THE Government will do nothing unless YOU tell them THEY MUST accept my offer.

Your true Friend,

LUCY HOUSTON.

N.B.—This offer made on the 4th December has not been accepted, refused, or even acknowledged.

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Notes of the Week

Our Front Bench Dormice

Although Sir Phillip Sassoon at great pains (being ill at the time) had prepared a speech for the debate on the imperative necessity of instantly increasing our Air Defence, Mr. Baldwin most unfairly prevented him speaking and after this stab in the back relapsed into the somnolent indifference he and his colleagues have always, and evidently always intend, to show on this matter. Thus are those who have any interest in the Air Defence of the country treated by Front Bench backsliders.

Trade with Russia

There is a company of English traders called the Timber Distributors who are anxious that trade with Russia should not be interfered with. These seem to me to be the worst type of English business men, who, for the sake of getting window frames, coffins and doors for a few pence cheaper than they can get them from Canada, are willing to extend our trade with Russia, who I maintain ought to be boycotted by every civilised nation. The Canadians are offended, and say that we have broken the Treaty of Ottawa.

The only two public characters who take a right view of the infamous Russians are Mr. Churchill and the Duchess of Atholl. Fifteen years ago Mr. Churchill did his best to suppress the Russians, with or without the aid of Germany, but he received no support from Mr. Lloyd George. The Duchess of Atholl has both written and spoken, thoughtfully and eloquently, with regard to dealings with these barbarians.

An Unfair Attack

My old friend, Nancy Witcher, Lady Astor, made a most insolent and unprovoked attack upon the Duchess in the House of Commons. The impertinence was the greater, because Lady Astor had not heard the speech of the Duchess which she attacked. She advised the House of Commons not to pay any attention to what the Duchess said about India or Russia, as she had not been to either of those countries. I don't know if Nancy Witcher has ever visited India, but what an absurd reason to give for not listening to the speeches of anybody because the speaker has not been to the country in question. I am quite sure that Nancy Witcher has not been either to Australia or South Africa. Is a member of Parliament, therefore, to be debarred from giving an opinion about Australia or South Africa? The contention is absurd.

Neither Lord Salisbury, nor Lord Beaconsfield, nor Mr. Gladstone ever set foot in Ireland, yet

nobody ever objected to their speaking about that country. If Nancy Witcher wants to interrupt people rudely in the House of Commons, she had better prepare herself by going round the world. The Duchess of Atholl knows more in her little finger than Nancy Witcher knows in her whole head.

That Foolish League!

Mussolini's announcement that he desires the reorganisation of the League of Nations is of European importance. The League of Nations without Germany and Italy, without America and Japan and Russia, will become a figure of fun. Mussolini, being a realist, demands that the League of Nations should be more in touch with actualities, and less of a debating society, which meddles and floats unsound loans, and discusses what the working classes should do with their unemployed leisure. If Italy should withdraw from the League, this internationalist pet of the European dreamers would then remain as an empty shell, without authority, and consisting only of a large and well-paid secretariat, with an unfinished palace for their future residence. I am sorry for the disappointment of Lord Cecil.

We have all of us, but especially *The Times*, made fools of ourselves over the League of Nations. The original idea of the League as an arbitrator and promoter of peace and goodwill among men was a good one; but as soon as it became plain that the League had no power to enforce its decrees, and its main function appeared to be the promotion of unsound European loans, it became discredited, not to say ridiculous. It is as well that this should be recognised, and its shutters put up before it is too late. It really ought to be ranked with the first-rate failures of modern optimism and verbosity, like the World Economic Conference.

Whitewash and History

The fashion of whitewashing villains has been revived. Judge Jeffreys, who narrowly escaped being torn in pieces by the mob, was held up to our compassion by Mr. H. B. Irving, who said that the poor man had a stone in his bladder. He was a drunken ruffian as a Judge, and I must say he might have been cured of his stone before he left the Bench. Then I remember that Horace Walpole tried his hand at whitewashing Richard III. It was quite a mistake, said Walpole, to say that Richard III was cruel, or even that he had a hump back. He had a slightly elevated shoulder, that was all, and he was a handsome and cultured prince.

Now an attempt is being made to prove that he didn't murder the princes in the Tower, and to shift that crime on to the shoulders of Henry VII. To my mind the evidence is overwhelming that

Richard did murder the young princes in the Tower. The lavish gifts which Richard heaped on Brackenbury, as we are told in *The Times*, to my mind was simply hush-money, and I regard these attempts to rehabilitate the blackguards of English history are on a par with the attempt now being made in the theatre to make out the unmitigated beast Henry VIII to have been one of the great Kings of English history. He only broke with the Pope in order to get rid of poor Catherine of Arragon, and to Marry Anne Boleyn.

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End of a Famous Peerage

By the death, at the age of 88, of the Earl of Camperdown, a once famous title disappears from the peerage. The earldom was conferred by George III at the end of the last century upon the victor of the Danish fleet, with ships returned from the mutiny at the Nore, who hastened back to their old commander as soon as Pitt had met their just demands. The Hon. George Duncan was the second son of the third Lord Camperdown, and the grandson of the Admiral. He succeeded his brother in 1918, but renounced the estates at Gleneagles and other parts of Scotland because he lived for the greater part of each year, with unaccountable taste, in America. "The Honourable George," as he was always called by his working class, who held him in great respect, "went about doing good."

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In German Only

According to a German journal the clocks throughout the Fatherland are not doing their full patriotic duty, and therefore the order has gone forth that they are no longer to strike the hours without the striking being preceded or followed by the nearest possible approach to their shouting "Heil Hitler." In some cases the striking of the hours is being replaced by some Hitlerite song so graduated as to suggest the particular time. Anyhow, the way to supply German clocks with a German voice in a thoroughly satisfactory manner has been settled at Schwennigen, where clock-work "striking-tunes" have been brought into play. Each half-hour the clock strikes some bars of the *Horst Wessel* song—and so on. "Henceforth," the German paper remarks, "our clocks will speak to us in German only."

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No Clear Policy

We understand that the principal object Lord Tyrrell, our Ambassador in Paris, had in view during his long week-end visit to London was to try to get our Government to make a clear statement of its policy respecting disarmament, as the French are showing a good deal of impatience with its persistent wobbling. And not without reason. On October 14, Sir John Simon pledged

our Government to the principle that there should be no rearmament of Germany until the efficacy of control—otherwise, a "period of probation," though Sir John objects to the phrase—had been tested. Now he says that he did not issue any statement of policy at all, but merely threw out a suggestion! France certainly took it in the former sense—as he must have known perfectly well. Slippery Simon! Assuredly not simple!

More and still more concessions to Germany—is that what our Government intends? Long before the Great War, Sir Eyre Crowe, one of the ablest and most far-seeing public servants England ever had, pointed out that a policy of concessions to Germany only increased the German appetite, in any case always voracious. It is reported that Germany now demands a fully-equipped army of 300,000 men. What has our Government to say to that? And how about the effective strength of our own Army? Time to think, and think again, is it not?

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Safety Last

The ghastly casualty list of the roads has led to much bitter recrimination between motorists and pedestrians and, though safety first is a bad motto for life, safety last is an idiotic slogan. Greater care and greater skill will no doubt eventually decrease the percentage of casualties due to speed, but meantime there is at least one simple thing which should reduce the toll of accidents. Would it not be possible for motor manufacturers to come together and agree once and for all as to the relative position of brake, clutch and accelerator pedals?

There is surely an increased chance of disaster when a more or less inexperienced driver in charge of an unknown car is liable to press the accelerator instinctively instead of the brake. The very highly skilled driver is unlikely to fall into this error, but even for him this possibility reduces the margin of safety. The new London buses, we learn, have had a change made in the position of brake and accelerator pedals and a driver has often to drive a bus of the old model on Sundays after driving a new bus throughout the week. The L.G.O.C. bus drivers are the best in the world and this change has caused no accident, but is not the innovation imposing rather a severe demand on skill.

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Lunacy of a new kind

The recent removal of a sane woman to a lunatic asylum, and the refusal of the officers concerned to verify her statement that they had made a mistake of identity, is an exceedingly disquieting affair.

We should be entitled to assume that our lunacy administration is sufficiently well organised to guard normal people from the shock and horror

of being regimented with the insane. Instead, we find asylum officials, without written authority, invading a home and carrying off one of its members.

It is to be hoped that the fullest possible investigation will be made, and that an obviously loose system will be tightened up.

♦♦

The Season of Goodwill

We are supposed to eat at Christmas. If we stay very carefully in our homes, we shall even be allowed to drink. No one will shout "Time Gentlemen please!" We shall be permitted our old and crusted port (at 3s. 6d. a bottle) so long as we consume it in our old and crusted armchair.

And yet, knowing that we may enjoy these staggering liberties (which are the privilege of free-born Britons), we shall not stay at home. We shall, instead, pay preposterous sums for the privilege of eating horribly bad food in horribly expensive restaurants.

♦♦

That Queer Hotel

It seems odd. It seems simply too frightfully odd. People seem hypnotised by the idea that because there is no room for them in the Inn, they must go to the hotel—that queer and too bright place where the lights are brilliant and the liver is Argentine.

Why not keep the Christmas feast quite simply in the kitchen? It is warm there. You can choose your company, and you can choose your food. Even if you cannot afford a square meal, you can give yourself a square deal.

You need not suffer from a repetition of incomprehensible items on the bill, nor the repetition of indigestible items on the menu.

But there . . . let us go quickly and order our bi-carbonate of Soda.

♦♦

Our Unsolid Earth

A number of years ago, Dr. Wegener put forward the rather startling theory that all the continents were steadily drifting, possibly in an attempt to fill up the Pacific Ocean. Wegener's idea explains a lot of curious things, as, for instance, the fact that the African and South American continents would fit together quite nicely, and also the heaping up of mountain ranges on the western shores of America. The theory has been held in some disfavour lately, but H. S. Jelstrup's recent work certainly supports it. He has found that the whole of Greenland is drifting westwards at the rate of at least 15 feet a year. To geologists, with millions of years to play with, this seems almost a fantastic speed, although we do not think our road maniacs will share their opinion.

"National Enlightenment"

'Tis a great phrase! We could have made, and still may make, good use of it ourselves—at least in some directions. It might, for instance, nationally enlighten some of our pro-German sentimentalists and our pacifists generally if, in connection with Herr Hitler's peace offensive, the fact was brought to their notice that, among other confiscations just decreed, the funds of the German Peace Society, founded in 1892 by Alfred Fried, who got the Nobel Peace Prize in 1911, have been gobbled up by the Nazis. It seems another case of stupid tactics on the part—well, of somebody in Berlin, this time. Why not have kept that underground, too?

♦♦

Pacific Strategy

The demand of Mr. Swanson, Secretary to the United States Navy, for 101 new warships to bring the United States Navy right up to the limits laid down by the London Naval Treaty must effectively write "finis" to the already moribund Disarmament Conference and to any thoughts of the perpetuation of the naval treaties which come up for revision in 1935. In this way it will certainly do the world a service, and particularly this country, which seems fated to pay for the ideals of others. It is intriguing that Mr. Swanson should preface his demand with the statements that the United States can no longer afford to give the lead in Disarmament and that a strong U.S. navy is one of the strongest guarantees for peace. It appears that he has used the words which have so often been urged upon our own politicians, and that without checking their accuracy when applied to his own nation, since the United States Navy has experienced an all-round increase during the last two decades, while the naval strength of the British Empire has suffered a stupendous decrease in the same period.

♦♦

A Provocative Article

Many of my readers (says the *Hexham Courier*) will have read about the article on the Prime Minister, which was written by Lady Houston, D.B.E., for *The Saturday Review*, and which was of such a nature that the trade refused to sell *The Saturday Review* unless the article was deleted. The boycott proved effectual, and as a result the public remains in the dark over the matter.

This week I have had the opportunity of reading this article, and whilst I cannot discuss the matter here for obvious reasons, I can at least state that it does not concern Mr. MacDonald's secession from the Labour Party as so many people have been saying.

Whether true or not, the article is pungently worded. There is, however, a legal remedy open to Mr. MacDonald.

Cringing to Mr. De Valera

By A.A.B.

FOR a dastardly, cowardly, undignified, shuffling reply, commend me to the answer of Mr. J. H. Thomas, which he was instructed to read in the House of Commons, to Mr. De Valera. Mr. De Valera has torn the Treaty of 1921 in tatters, and thrown the fragments into the face of England.

He has repudiated the Land Annuities, contracted to be paid in George Wyndham's Land Act, and which, to do them justice, the Irish tenants have punctually paid. He has abolished the right of every British subject to appeal to the Privy Council; he has abolished the office of Governor-General of Ireland; he has abolished the Oath of Allegiance to the King; he has announced his intention of proclaiming a republic, and now he asks England what she is going to do about it.

Mr. Thomas replied that he could give Mr. De Valera no decided answer, as he regarded the proclamation of a republic in the Free State, and its severance from England as a political entity, as purely hypothetical. He denied that Mr. De Valera represented the Irish people; but as he happens to be the Prime Minister of Ireland, I cannot see any grounds for this assumption. Mr. De Valera has, with perfect plainness, announced his intention, and the dignified course would have been for England to have given him a plain answer.

Our Parliamentary Bourbons

The shuffling evasion of Mr. Thomas was, of course, imposed upon him by the Cabinet, to whom his statement in the House of Commons was submitted. It is a document well worthy of two such poltroons as Messrs. MacDonald and Baldwin, who evidently intend to give away Ireland with the same complacency as they meditate the surrender of India. What will be left of the British Empire when these gentlemen are driven from office it is difficult to imagine. They are like the Bourbons, they forget nothing and learn nothing. Their policy is a precise repetition of that which Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal Party practised at the end of the last century.

Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal Party were quite certain that if you conceded all that the Irish demanded, all would be well, and your gift received with gratitude and peace. Precisely the reverse happened in practice. All the Land Acts, all the concessions, all the repeals of the Crimes Act, led to worse disorders and murders and robberies in Ireland.

Ask Lord Spencer, or Mr. Forster, or, rather, ask their ghosts, for they are, unfortunately, dead, what came of the Liberal policy of giving Ireland a large piece of cake and then beating her? Of course the cake was taken, and the beating was answered by fresh outrage.

Mr. Thomas's craven reply, which I am sure he himself was ashamed to read, provoked a memorable scene in the House of Lords. Lord Carson uttered probably his last protest against betraying the loyalists in Ireland. He said that he had only entered public life for the sake of protecting the loyalists in South Ireland, and now every pledge and every promise that had been given was deliberately broken. The Irish loyalists, in spite of neglect and broken promises, in spite of murders, in spite of their property having been confiscated, are still loyal to the connection with England and to their Sovereign. "Have you no care," exclaimed the venerable peer, "for your good faith and honour? I beseech your lordships to take this matter seriously."

The Fate of the Loyalist

I may remark here, in passing, that the loyalists have always been abandoned by the Crown, and handed over to the rebels. They were abandoned by the Government of George III. in the American revolution, and had to flee northwards into Canada from the insults and robbery of the so-called Americans. Had it not been for the kindness of the French settlers, who received our loyal refugees with kindness and hospitality, there would be no Dominion of Canada.

I confess I do not envy the position of Lord Hailsham when he attempted to answer Lord Carson, which he had indeed confessed he was unable to do, for much of it was unanswerable and shameful. He was sorry if what he said appeared to be platitudes, an admission which was cheered by Lord Carson. But he was unable to give any more precise reply than had been given by Mr. Thomas in the Commons.

Altogether a disgraceful episode, the shame of which the House of Lords evidently felt. What kind of figure England will cut in the eyes of foreign nations when they read this despicable surrender to an impudent rebel I leave my readers to imagine. Why did not Mr. Thomas remind Mr. De Valera that the thousands of Irish who now benefit by our system of unemployment relief will be returned to the fostering care of the new republic?

Here Were Christmases!

Festivals of Peace and War in Retrospect

By H. Warner Allen

FEAST days and anniversaries are the string that hold together the rosary of our memories, and all the chaplet would fall asunder if Christmas were not there to link nearly two thousand years of the past with that present which slips away almost unnoticed every day.

Recollections of the 19th century Christmases hold pride of place in my mind.

Those were the days of family gatherings. Emotion reached its highest point when the rich uncle entrusted to the shaking and doubtful care of the youngest member of the family the precious watch which was a family heirloom and allowed him to carry it across the room. The youngest member of the family fulfilled his mission without disaster and neither time nor space can ever kill that feeling of gratitude to the head of the clan who trusted him.

Port in Both Senses

The spirit of Christmas found its special expression in the charades acted by the family in all its generations. I still remember one built up on the word "Portmanteau." In the first syllable "port," the uncle combined all the Christmas heartiness of the wine of Oporto with the naval tradition which provides that in that season the youngest and the oldest shall change places, the Post Captain or Admiral surrendering precedence to the midshipman or cadet. So the youngest son of the house found himself skipper, giving orders to Number One represented by a maiden aunt modestly clad in the Captain's trousers and a boatswain played by the terrible Captain in person. Never were there such awe-inspiring shouts of "Avast," "Belay there," and the like.

It is a long cry from that happy careless Christmas to the most heartbreaking Christmas I have ever known. It was at Massevaux in that little piece of Alsace, which the French recovered from the Germans at the beginning of the war and never lost. Christmas in Alsace is the great festival of the year and those Alsations who had stayed true to France through over forty years were eager even though they knew that the struggle would be long and desperate—they knew the strength of Germany and prophesied a four years' war from the beginning—to welcome their deliverers with every joy their Christmas could offer.

So one was made merry with good cheer and bright Christmas trees—a gift for every guest—pretty Alsatian girls with their wing-like head-dresses and gay skirts, officers adding brilliance to the scene. Yet behind the merriment were heavy hearts. The General, that chasseur whom Kipling described, was going up to death on Christmas morning and with him two Colonels

starred with decorations and a host of Frenchmen who were on Christmas Eve enjoying their last earthly gaiety.

The Last Mass

At midnight they were all in Massevaux church for the Christmas Mass. Everyone there knew that Serret and his men were doomed, for they were called upon to recapture the summit of the Hartmannswillerkopf, a small mountain that had no conceivable importance except that it had figured in the communiqué. The attempt was impossible and quite simply they went out to die for their honour's sake.

Memory shifts with relief to a Christmas two years later. The British Expeditionary Force sent to Italy after Caporetto found themselves in a land flowing with milk and honey—or more accurately with wine and turkeys. I was stationed in Padua and it was my proud privilege to bring up their Christmas dinner—or at least a part of it—to a battalion of the Warwicks.

They were fresh from Ypres and the Menin road and Christmas found them still behind the line. They were all agreed that it was a "bon" war in Italy where shells were scarce, air-bombs outside Padua rare and food and comforts plentiful. The natives had brought out from their cellars strange bottles that they thought might tempt these khaki-clad lunatics from over-seas. You could buy for a price in Padua a bottle of Cyprus wine described as of 1815 which tasted strong of cedar pencils and nothing else.

On Christmas morning 1917 I found myself in charge of divers turkeys, bottles and other provisions and it was my duty to convey them to Battalion H.Q. some ten miles from Padua. The snow was deep on the ground and frozen. On each side of the high built roads there was a drop of some eight feet into a frozen ditch. There was a thick fog over the world, which made it impossible to see the bonnet of the car from the driver's seat.

Somehow that precious cargo of Christmas fare reached its destination. The turkeys were cooked and the battalion enjoyed such a meal as it had never known since the war began. The C.O., a young man who ran his exceedingly efficient battalion as a football team, kept everything bright and merry. "Next Christmas at home," he prophesied, and of the few who remained a year later—that battalion was caught in the whirlwind of 1918—some found his prophecy was true.

It was a great evening. One at least of those who were there will never forget the Sergeants' singing "Good King Wenselaus" in the snow at midnight and winding up with a chorus to express their conviction that the Umpteenth Battalion was the finest of the lot.

A Famous Get-Away

The Girl, The Doctor and The Jewels

By Lt.-Col. Cyril Foley

CLEVER schemes to defraud the public are always interesting. When they are successfully carried out, at the expense of someone who can afford to endure them financially, they fill me with admiration. Some of them are of course invented as a good story, and have never actually been put to the test.

Some on the other hand have been tried and have succeeded, and I propose to relate what I have always considered as one of the best frauds that has ever been successfully perpetrated. It was related to me in June, 1917, when I was home on leave from the War, by a very distinguished lawyer who lives in Ely Place, and who was in Paris at the time of the occurrence, and in touch with its (respectable) participants.

At about 3.30 on September 3rd, 1914, a girl entered the Paris shop of probably the most famous jeweller in the world, and asked to see some diamond brooches and other articles of jewellery. She described herself as the daughter of a well-known Paris physician, who we will hereinafter refer to as Dr. A.

The Girl

Paris was threatened at the moment by the rapid and sinister advance of the German host, and the calls of duty had reduced the personnel of the shop to two or three men, who naturally did their utmost to attend to and satisfy the requirements of such a welcome customer. The girl explained that she was going to be married and that she wished to choose a present for herself, on behalf of her father, who was of course much too busy to come himself. Jewellery of every description was produced for her inspection. At the end of half an hour the girl had chosen three small but valuable articles, but could not make up her mind which of them to select as her father's present. The assistants were unanimous in their opinion that the most expensive one of the three suited her the best, but even this failed to bring her to a decision.

"I should like to have all three of them," she said. "But of course that is impossible." Then, evidently struck by a brilliant idea, she exclaimed, "I know what I'll do, I'll take them round to father's house and let him choose; could one of you gentlemen come with me?"

It was of course merely a question of which of them could get his hat first. The girl had been just thirty minutes in the shop and the time was therefore 3.50. That, as you will see, was important.

"It will take us under ten minutes in a taxi to get home," she said. A taxi was procured (it was just before General Manoury requisitioned them) and the girl and one of the shopmen got into it with the three pieces of jewellery, priced collectively at £1,100 and drove off to Dr. A's house.

On the way there the girl said to the jeweller, "I'll manage to run in and see father between his appointments, show him the things, and then come and tell you which one he decides to give me."

At 4 o'clock exactly the taxi drew up at Dr. A's house. The girl alighted and running up the stairs, rang the bell. She spoke a few words to the butler and descending the steps said to the jeweller, "It's all right, come along in."

The jeweller got out of the taxi, and they were both shown into the waiting room. After about five minutes the butler appeared, and the girl, springing up at once before he could say anything, followed him out of the room with the three pieces of jewellery. It may be mentioned that on her passage from one room to another she slipped a wedding ring on her finger.

On entering the Doctor's room he said to her, "Good afternoon Mrs. Green, I understand from your letter making this appointment that your husband is mentally unbalanced."

"Yes," said the girl. "He is I fear quite mad, and since I wrote you that letter he has developed a most extraordinary hallucination that he is a jeweller."

"Tut! tut!" said the Doctor, "no doubt a passing phase of his dementia. Is he here?" "Yes, I will fetch him," said the girl. "But I will leave him alone with you as my presence excites him."

She then not only left the room but the house, and picking up the first available taxi made off with the booty. The Doctor waited some five minutes, and becoming impatient, sent his butler to fetch "Mr. Green."

The Doctor

On arrival in the Doctor's room the jeweller was rather surprised not to see the girl there, and was more astonished still when the Doctor said to him, "Oh, Mr. Green, tell me, how are you feeling to-day?"

"There is some mistake, sir, I think," said the man. "My name is not Green, I am a jeweller."

"Quite so," said the Doctor, taking his pulse. "I know, I know, but tell me how have you been sleeping lately?"

In vain did the wretched jeweller attempt to explain matters—how he had come with M. le Docteur's own daughter with jewellery so that he could choose something as a wedding present for her etc., etc. Naturally the more he persisted the worse it became, and it was not until the Doctor produced his stethoscope and asked him to say 99 that the wretched man, driven to desperation, implored the Doctor to ring up the shop and have his story corroborated.

Twenty precious minutes had by that time been wasted, and the girl had completed her get-away.

SERIAL The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by The Boswell Publishing Co., Ltd., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world.

The principal question under discussion was again that of security, and it might have been expected that now at last France would be given the guarantees for which she had waited throughout seven long years. Instead of this, at the Conference of October 16, [1925] the representatives of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy and Germany drew up the pact known as the Locarno Treaty, whereby France and Germany undertook not to attack each other, and Great Britain and Italy undertook to come to the rescue of either if attacked by the other. So that France, who, by general consent of the Allies, had been declared the victim of wanton aggression in 1914, was placed on the same footing as Germany, who had been recognised as the aggressor. At the same time, Great Britain was to reap no corresponding advantage from the compact, neither Power having undertaken to come to her rescue in the event of her becoming the victim of aggression.

France, however, felt she had gained some measure of security, and M. Briand cheerfully appended his signature to the Treaty. The "Locarno spirit" was hailed with rapture by optimists everywhere; now at last the real millennium had dawned. The feud between France and Germany was dead, ended by a scene of reconciliation as touching as the famous "baiser Lamour-ette" of July 7, 1792, when the warring factions in the Legislative Assembly threw themselves into each other's arms and embraced "with torrents of tears"—as a prelude to the torrents of blood shed a month later at the sack of the Tuileries.

Germany and the League

The next step was to get Germany into the League of Nations, although hitherto she had shown little sympathy with its aims. It is doubtless true that the majority of the German people, and the Social Democrats in particular, were sick of militarism and desired peace in future, but, with the exception of the small body of Pacifists enrolled in the "Menschheit" group, no section of the German people had ever admitted Germany's "war guilt." How, then, could they sympathise with a League created by those whom they regarded as the real authors of the War? As *The Times* correspondent observed at the time of the Locarno Conference: "The Germans from Herren Luther and Stresemann to the rank and file of their Socialist opposition dislike and distrust the League"—regarding it as the instrument of the Allies. Many Germans, too, inclined to the commonly expressed view of the Nationalists that "Great Britain and France are decadent nations ripe for disintegration."¹ As to the Nationalists

themselves, the German correspondent of the *Evening Standard*, commenting on their successes at the polls in December, 1924, remarked:

The election has shown that the great majority of the German upper and middle classes, far from being morally disarmed, are just as militarist as when they shouted for war in 1914. They have learnt nothing from the defeat of Germany.²

The Germans, however, were shrewd enough to perceive certain advantages which might be gained by entering the League—"the protection of German minorities, a change in the régime of the Saar, the assignment to Germany of colonial mandates on an equal footing with other countries,"* and an earlier evacuation of the Rhineland.

Accordingly, Germany expressed her willingness to join the League. There was no question of repentance or of abjuring war as a principle. To quote *The Times* again: "Germany is not seeking a Pact from any abstract interest in peace; post-war Germany holds Pacifism in the deepest contempt."³ The Pacifists of the "Menschheit" group were subjected to relentless persecution by Press and politicians alike. As Carl Mertens, a leader of this group, wrote in 1928:

There is no Pacifist known in Germany, including Professor Quidde who obtained the Nobel Prize in 1927, who has not yet been proceeded against for high treason. . . . The true German, who desires for his country another ideal than that based on military exercises and victorious wars, and who wants to see German politics inspired by moral laws and the principles of loyalty, is banished from his country: a thousand newspapers abuse him, judges proceed against him and politicians insult him.⁴

That Change of Heart

But nothing of this damped the ardour of believers in Germany's change of heart. So eager were British politicians to see her enrolled in the League of Nations, and so much pressure was brought to bear on Sir Austen Chamberlain in the matter, that Sir Alfred Mond (later Lord Melchett) was moved to protest against the wave of pro-Germanism that was passing over the country. Speaking from the Ministerial benches in the House of Commons on March 5, 1926, he "expressed amazement at the way in which pro-German propaganda seemed to have succeeded in capturing the British public and a large number of the House of Commons. (Loud cries of 'Oh!') It was a remarkable thing that in the House and in the country it was almost looked upon as *lèse-majesté* for anyone to put forward any case which might appear at present not pleasing to the German Government or the German people. The

² Date of December 12, 1924.

³ *The Times*, October 12, 1925.

⁴ *France Threatened by the German Sword*.

¹ *The Times*, October 12, 1925.

SERIAL

Foreign Secretary," he added, "must be allowed to feel his way."

This was no doubt true as far as the intelligentsia and certain circles in the City were concerned. The great mass of the nation was not pro-German, but amongst the vocal elements—speakers, writers, politicians, publicists, preachers—the plea for Germany to be welcomed into the councils of the nations made itself loudly heard. The propaganda of the League of Nations Union was carried out with skill and thoroughness, and met, moreover, with no counterblast from any organised opposition. Inevitably the League of Nations won the day, and at its Annual Assembly in September, 1926, Germany's admission was unanimously voted. "Germany," says the L.N.U.'s own account of this great occasion, "was declared a member of the League amidst a tempest of applause. . . . The news once flashed to Berlin, Dr. Stresemann and his colleagues, waiting with bags packed for the word, set off for Switzerland. . . . The reception awaiting them at the station in Geneva was tumultuous. . . ." The entry of "the sturdy thickset figure and close-cropped head of the German Foreign Minister, followed by his two colleagues," was greeted with "salvos of applause."

In his speech, Dr. Stresemann emphasised the necessity of looking to the future rather than dwelling on the past—here clearly no "change of heart" was indicated—and graciously informed the Assembly that Germany, once hostile to the League, had now become converted to it.

Burying the Past

M. Briand, in a more emotional strain of oratory, concurred in this desire to bury the past. "With a sudden ringing asseveration," he repeated the words: "c'est fini." "'Ended,' for France and Germany the long succession of sanguinary encounters with which every page of history in the past had been stained. 'Ended,' war between the peoples. 'Ended,' the long veils of mourning over sufferings that will never heal."

A tempest of applause greeted this speech. One delegate rose and "waved a highly coloured handkerchief around his head." Nothing had been seen like it since the French Constituent Assembly had abolished war in 1791.

But even before the next Annual Assembly of the League of Nations the rattling of the German sabre had been heard again. The evacuation of the Rhineland had taken place less rapidly than Germany had hoped as a result of Locarno, and a violently anti-French speech by Herr von Karldorf at the celebration of the Weimar Constitution met with support from Dr. Stresemann.²

Meanwhile disquieting facts with regard to militarist activities in Germany had been brought to light by German Pacifists and Socialists. In December, 1926, the "Menschheit" group drew attention to the danger of the so-called patriotic

associations carrying on military training throughout Germany.

In the event of a war the 100,000 men of the Reichswehr will be supplemented by 150,000 men of the Schutzpolizei [armed police] and 2,000,000 men of the *Vaterländischen Verbände* [Leagues of the Fatherland], associations of Officers and Regimental Associations. The preparations for this increase in the army are already being made in secret district commands. . . . The heads of the district commands are former officers who occupy civil posts in the Reichswehr.³

In *France Threatened by the German Sword*, written in February, 1928, Carl Mertens declared that no less than 5,000,000 Germans were organised in the Nationalist associations alone.⁴

Ominous Symptoms

Important facts relating to these illegal military associations have appeared from time to time in the British Press. Thus, in May, 1926, it was announced that a plot to seize Berlin and restore the monarchy had been discovered. In consequence, two of the most active of these bodies, the Olympia Association and the Viking League—the successor of Organisation C—which were suddenly found to be indulging in military exercises, were said to have been suppressed.¹ Indeed, in November, 1926, one of the Generals of the Military Commission in Berlin declared that, out of all the countless "patriotic associations" of the Fatherland, only two of noteworthy size still remained in existence—the Young German Order (*Jungdeutsche Orden*) and the Steel Helmets (*Stahlhelm*).² In February, 1928, it was, however, discovered that the Viking League under Captain Ehrhardt (the Herr Consul of Organisation C) was maintaining a very active existence underground,³ and in December it was found to be at work in Kirchhain, carrying out nocturnal military training by the followers of Hitler under the direction of Reichswehr officers.⁴

The Stahlhelm, which comprised 350,000 members, all trained soldiers and accustomed to the use of arms, was also carrying out manoeuvres in the autumn of 1929, an account of which appeared in the *Morning Post* of September 26, and a few weeks later it was announced that the Stahlhelm also was now to be dissolved. The *Morning Post*, in recording this decision, charitably observed:

This measure is particularly important, since now official Germany has had the courage not only to admit that militant bodies have been contravening the Treaty of Versailles, but also to suppress them.⁵

¹ *Die Menschheit*, December 3, 1926.

² See interesting article, "German Ex-Service Men and Peace," by Colonel Crosfield, Chairman of the British Legion, in the *English Review* for September, 1927, which tends to confirm these statements; also "German Armaments" in the *Review of Reviews* for August 15, 1927.

³ *The Times*, October 28, 1927.

⁴ *Sunday Times*, November 21, 1926.

⁵ *Daily Telegraph*, February 17, 1928, and *Daily Herald*, February 18, 1928.

⁶ *Morning Post*, December 10, 1928.

¹ *Geneva in 1926*, by Wilson Harris, pp. 12-16, pamphlet issued by the League of Nations Union.

² *The Observer*, August 14, 1927.

Previous extracts were published on May 20, 27; June 3, 10, 17, 24; July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; August 5, 12, 19, 26; September 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; October 7, 14, 21, 28; November 4, 11, 18, 25; December 2 and 9.

THE WEARING OF THE YELLOW

When England held her head full high
 (That time, I fear has long gone by),
 Ruled every wave and with her frown
 Kept honour up and tribesmen down,
 Countered with diplomatic skill
 The schemes of those that wished her ill,
 Or, if the fell occasion rose,
 Pasted them smartly on the nose,
 In those brave days, now vanished from us,
 A sturdy wight like J. H. Thomas
 Would, with one well-directed bash,
 Have settled de Valera's hash.

"D'ye think I'm going to break a bunion
 On you, you half-baked Spanish onion?"
 He'd cry, "or set the dreadful dogs
 Of war on playboys trotting bogs?
 Leaving the Empire are you? Good!
 But just let this be understood,
 That out means out, so off you clear,
 And don't come peddling eggs round here,
 Bacon or butter, steers or stout;
 They're stuff we well can do without.
 Go, sell your poultry and your pork
 In Paris, Potsdam, or New York,
 And keep your surplus Micks away;
 You'll need them for the I.R.A.
 When hungry saints and half-baked scholars,
 Devoid of shoes and minus collars,
 But well supplied with private stills,
 Harbour in holes among the hills,
 Reciting Erse the whole day long,
 Or that delightful Soldier's Song."

But now—why, see, the haughty Gael
 Just sits and twists the Lion's tail,
 His corner-boys' triumphant jeers
 Assail poor Jimmie's twitching ears,
 The while, with loud, insulting yell,
 He bids Great Britain go to hell.
 And Thomas swallows it, by damn,
 As meekly as a new-born lamb.
 "Your note," says he, "to hand to-day:
 What! Leave the Empire? Come, I say!
 I really can't take that as final;
 While poor old Ramsay, I opine, 'll
 Be really quite annoyed with you;
 So please don't ask me what we'll do
 If you secede; why that's a state
 Of things I just can't contemplate.
 Write me again. Meanwhile the door
 Stands open. We can still explore
 (So Ramsay bids me let you know)
 Another avenue or so.
 Yours truly, with the season's greetings."

Heartened by these unmanly bleatings,
 The cunning Eamon shouts, "We've won!
 Thomas and Co. are on the run!
 Up, the Republic!" (*cheers and noise*
 From the embattled corner boys). HAMADRYAD.

Gambling with Our National Existence

The Air Peril and Lady Houston's Offer

By Comyns Beaumont

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD is dithering hither and thither in a state bordering on panic to find some formula which will keep the Disarmament Conference still in being. At the moment it is like Mahomet suspended between Heaven and Earth, but everybody who preserves a normal balance is well aware that it is to all intents and purposes just thin air. The League of Nations is like Humpty Dumpty, for all the King's horses and all the King's men, cannot put the League together again.

Now, the collapse of the League of Nations and the Disarmament Conference may or may not be regrettable, but it has this one advantage that we know at last where we stand. Those who have staked the Empire's safety against a house built on sand now begin to realise the illimitable danger we are placed in by this reckless gamble carried on by the Prime Minister, who has failed in everything he has ever touched, the incorrigible Mr. Baldwin, the "slimy" Sir John Simon, and the rest of our sentimental pacifist-minded statesmen!

It is now over a fortnight ago since the debate in the House of Commons brought home to all of us the immense peril which confronts the nation through the neglect of the "National" Government to bring our Air Force to a mere margin of safety. In that debate, it will be remembered, Mr. Baldwin unexpectedly intervened to support an amendment to the Motion of Rear-Admiral Sueter, which in effect made it a vote of Confidence in the Government. Nevertheless, even in that tied House, the first point of the Resolution still stands on record, namely, "that this House views with grave disquiet the present inadequacy of the provision made for Air Defence of these Islands, the Empire overseas, and our Imperial communications."

Placating the Implacable

Mr. Baldwin, indeed, admitted the truth of the impeachment. His sole argument was that the House should placate Hitler.

There are rumours that the Government mean to put in hand 10 new squadrons, or 120 new machines, but these, which were required as far back as 1923, as Mr. Baldwin himself admitted, are totally inadequate in 1933. Ten new squadrons are to-day scarcely more than a drop in the ocean to safeguard our responsibilities and enable us to preserve an independent attitude.

France, since 1920, has increased her Air Force by 112 per cent., and possesses 1,687 fighting machines against our 706; the United States despite her detachment from Europe's complications, has increased by 108 per cent.; Japan has recently voted the huge sum of 200 millions sterling for her Air Fleet in view of the Russian threat, which infers the potency of Russia's power in the air, and which can be diverted towards India if

opportunity offers. Germany possesses a great reserve of civil planes, built to be adapted to warfare, and one at least of her air liners, the D 2000 is able to drop 30 tons of bombs in one raid, the same as the amount hurled on London in 35 effectual raids during the War.

A Bad Fifth

Great Britain a bad fifth among the Powers in Air Force, has *reduced* her effective strength by 8 per cent., although at the end of the War we led the world.

Although our Navy is desperately neglected and now General Fuller indicates that our Army is likely to be little better than cannon fodder, our Air Force is in an even worse state of unpreparedness. Yet the aeroplane has annihilated the Channel.

Air Commodore Chamier gives London's defences 15 minutes to prepare for an air-raid! which can blot London out of the map in almost a few seconds. The minimum requirements for safety are 18 squadrons. We have 13 only. We need a minimum of 34 bombing squadrons and have 24, with 5 in skeleton form. Of our Air Force planes we have a total of 706, and 200 of these are on overseas service.

At the Mercy of the Enemy

With an inadequate Air Force concentrated on London or home defence our unprotected shipping will be at the mercy of the enemy and if we are not bombed or gassed we shall be starved.

Such is the true unvarnished position. We continue as a Great Power on mere sufferance. We are at the mercy of this dreadful menace and the prospects of a shambles such as the world has never seen, because Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, a pacifist megalomaniac, and Mr. Baldwin, a dangerous soft-minded Socialist, pursue their passion for a one-sided disarmament, and, as Mr. Baldwin says "establish contact with Germany."

If anything can rouse these Ministers to shame it should be Lady Houston's noble and patriotic offer of £200,000 to build at least the missing 10 squadrons. She makes no conditions, but steps into the breach as she did for the Schneider Trophy, the Mount Everest Expedition and at other times too.

How wealthy Lady Houston may be I have no idea, but no one can be so rich as to be indifferent to the parting with so huge an individual sum, which should be quite unnecessary.

It proves her sincerity up to the hilt for the Chancellor has only to assent and the money is there. But I venture to think, that, as usual, the Government will equivocate and frame excuses, because they know that Lady Houston's offer throws a glaring search light upon their damnable internationalism and betrayal. Once again she may shame them into action, even if belated.

Economy at the Cost of Human Life?

A New Peril to the Air Force

By Eric A. Waldron

PILOTS throughout the R.A.F. are seriously perturbed concerning the conditions under which they will be asked to take the air in future.

The rank and file have an unpleasant feeling that the wonderful efficiency of our Air arm will be rudely shaken by the new scheme.

Even the lives of British nationals may be imperilled should they find themselves endangered by an earthquake, flood, or the outbreak of native hostilities in some foreign and distant part.

Their safety and welfare may well rest upon their appeal for aid being answered by aeroplanes. Upon the methods in force for the upkeep of the machines may depend the very question of life or death.

In the cause of economy, one man is to do the work hitherto performed by two skilled craftsmen. By April 1935, the rank of Rigger will no longer exist. Instead a new class will have arisen, known as Fitter-Riggers, who under certain N.C.O.'s, will be responsible for the entire upkeep of one machine of the Fighter or Scout Class.

Scamping Essentials

Can one man in a limited time, even with the assistance of ordinary unskilled rankers, be expected to examine every detail of a machine with the same thoroughness as two can do it in the same period?

Up to the present, one skilled Fitter and one trained Rigger have been responsible for a machine. The work of the Fitter has been with the engine only, and all that pertains to it.

The Rigger has had to deal with the air-frame struts, wires, wood or metal work on planes, fabric and wheels. He also sees to the recoiling devices on the oleo-legs, which take the shock on landing.

During fine weather, when every effort is made to get in as many flying hours as possible, the time between flights for the mechanics to thoroughly examine a machine may be very short. And it must be remembered that a "daily inspection" of a thorough nature is compulsory.

Take the case of a machine which arrives at the hangars at four o'clock in the afternoon. Nothing is reported by the Pilot as needing definite attention, but the Fitter-Rigger will be expected to make a minute examination of engine and air-frame before the next flight.

But at half-past-four his time of duty will end for the day. If, as is quite likely in good weather, the machine is wanted for nine o'clock the next morning, only a further half-an-hour will remain for the complete examination.

In the space of that hour too, the machine has to be re-petrolled, oiled, and if necessary watered. Thus in less than an hour one man will have to satisfy himself that nothing is at fault on the entire machine.

One damaged wire overlooked, one split-pin improperly adjusted, and a serious disaster may result with fatal consequences to the Pilot.

The Fitter-Rigger will have to carry out all normal running repairs. A Pilot may report carburettor trouble, left wing flying low, and have suffered a burst tyre on landing.

Consider how long it may take to repair the tyre alone, and you will realise the unfair strain which must be placed upon one man made responsible for every part of a machine, especially if the time allotted to him be insufficient.

It is the present Fitters themselves who are now being trained for the dual work. Already many of them are away from the various Squadrons on Courses of instruction in Rigging.

From this the possible dangers must be viewed from another angle. Fitters probably took up the purely mechanical side because their hearts were in engine work. Unwittingly, they may spend too much time upon the engine, with the result that their examination of the air-frame will be hasty. And the engine, from the point of view of the pilot's safety, is the least important.

Providing the machine is not over a wide stretch of water, the pilot, when his engine fails, can glide to a suitable spot for landing.

Certain Fatality

If something serious happens to one part of the air-frame, the finest engine in the world will not save the machine. Its weight will tend to hasten the crash to earth, and if the pilot is not high enough to use his parachute, the chances are a certain fatality.

People have been alarmed by the number of serious crashes at the experimental Stations of the R.A.F. Steps must be taken to curtail risks, not to introduce a procedure which may take still further toll of the lives of our splendid pilots.

Economy may be very necessary, but other ways of practising it must be found. Upon their confidence in the work of the Ground Staff depends the very skill and daring of our airmen. That faith cannot be shaken.

Adequate time for the thorough daily inspection of each machine is a vital necessity. However conscientious a Fitter-Rigger may prove himself to be, it is not right to expect him to work against time.

We have been proud to boast of the efficiency of our Royal Air Force. That efficiency must be protected at all costs.

FORENOTE BY LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

Like the Prince in the Fairy Tale of "The Sleeping Beauty," Our Prince, with loving words of wisdom and understanding, is for ever trying to awaken us out of our lethargy. Interested in everything, no famous Hero of Romance or of History has ever done more to rouse the People to the reality of their perilous position—and I feel that everyone in the Country and throughout the Empire this Christmastide will echo and re-echo the prayer—

GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE PRINCE SPEAKS HIS MIND

SPEAKING of the remarkable and sudden development of regular air transport in this country—the Prince says "If this hopeful increase in commercial flying is to progress we must see that the use of the aeroplane is at the disposal of all the people of our Islands and not only of a few. People must be able to fly where they want, and not only to where they can. Then the habit of using the air will grow.

"We must face the fact," he continued, referring to work that has been done in foreign countries, "that in some countries commercial machines are being built with cruising speeds nearly twice as fast as our own.

"If we allowed other nations to establish a long lead in the building and operation of high-speed aeroplanes, it would be increasingly difficult to find a market for British aircraft.

"We want to play our part in carrying the world's goods, whether they go by sea or by air," he added.

"It is now necessary," the Prince continued, "to think in terms of cruising speeds of 250 miles an hour and over. Other countries have already reached commercial operating speeds of nearly 200 miles an hour, and we must aim higher.

"We must not regard aviation as we see it to-day in this country we must look ahead. We have got to make big and rapid strides if we are not to be left behind, and we must use our imagination to make plans now.

"To-day we build some of the best aircraft in the world, but we shall not hold a leading place in air transport without a very hard struggle, for other countries have shown that they intend to dispute every inch of the way.

"If you look at the map you will see that world communications make a spider's web, of

which our islands are the centre—a centre of commerce, industry, and service. Speed is the essence of communications, and we must see to it that a faster means of transport does not displace that centre, but makes it more efficient.

"When we begin to think about flying at over 250 miles an hour, the advantages of air transport appear overwhelming. You have read of the triumphant tour of the American Continent that has just been made by the Royal Scot. That famous train makes the journey from London to Glasgow in the excellent time of 7 hours and 40 minutes, or less.

"Fast, frequent, and regular air services will only come about if the aircraft, the air routes, and the airports are planned simultaneously.

"You can do your share in placing British Air transport where it should belong—in the front rank. You can make sure that the airports will be ready when they are required."

"Make certain that you have enough ground, or the fastest air expresses may be unable to use your station. It will be cheaper to reserve that ground now.

"We have made aeroplanes to fly where we want; we must now see that they can stop where we want. Once we have done that we can begin to make full use of them, and the cost of this first step is not great."

The Prince concluded by asking the delegates to consider what they owed to the wheel. "On carts and carriages and cars, on trains, trams, and lorries, it has been the basis of the traffic that has brought you prosperity.

"May I remind you that an aeroplane also has wheels on which it lands and departs, and that if you will serve the wheels, the wings will serve you. May they, too, bring you further prosperity."

OUR BELOVED PRINCE OF WALES



Ladies and Gentlemen ! Fill your Glasses
THE PRINCE !

The Christmas Board

Wines of Festivity and Merriment

IT is a strange fact that wine which is grown in climates far warmer than our own makes the indispensable accompaniment of our winter festivals. The fermented juice of the grape is the staple drink of Southern countries which have reached a certain degree of civilisation; indeed, its popularity might also be taken as a standard of civilisation. It is not a little surprising that despite certain essentially northern beverages such as beer and grain spirits, wine holds everywhere a privileged position as the symbol of gaiety.

Port was long ago called the Englishman's wine. It would never have existed if the Britons who originally went to Portugal to trade with Brazil had not discovered that they could treat the wine of the Douro in such a way as to make it peculiarly suitable for our needs and capricious climate.

No one is more devoted to natural wine than I am. Yet I cannot agree with the detractors of Port who complain that it owes its existence to the addition of brandy which stops fermentation before the whole of the natural sugar has been converted into alcohol. One has only to taste "consumo," the ordinary Douro ordinary wine which is the basis of Port, to realise that the ingenuity of British shippers has converted a very ordinary beverage into a wine which no Briton can really contemn.

The Beloved Magnum

It holds a place in our literature and traditions that nothing else can fill. Dr. Middleton in "The Egoist" has spoken of Senatorial Port which almost reached the century. Many of my readers must remember family legends in which Port played a vital part. For myself I have still a vision of my great-grandfather, once Mayor of Rye, carrying up from his cellar every night of his life a magnum of Port which was borne in his arms with greater tenderness and care than any of his grandchildren.

Nowadays the wine drinker can take his Port with greater security than he can drink any other wine. Of course he must not be put off with "Port Type" or any description of a wine, ruby, amber or otherwise, that does not expressly state that the liquid is "Port." It is a fraud to sell as Port any wine that has not been grown in a certain defined district of the Upper Douro and shipped across the Bar of Oporto. This protection we owe to a treaty with Portugal which should form a model for all our treaties with wine countries.

Perhaps the ordinary port drinker finds it hard to realise what the guarantee of the Port treaty means. Those who have been to Portugal and seen the vintage know that there is nowhere in the world except those Douro hills where anything really worthy of the name of Port can be produced. Stay while the grapes are being picked at Val do Mendiz, Messrs. Sandeman's headquarters, or wander round such a Quinta as Don Luis Porto's

Quinta Noval and you will have no doubt that it is a national duty to keep the Englishman's wine true to its tradition.

Another wine which fits in well with the winter is Sherry, which again was really born from the enterprise of British merchants. I have heard of liquids bearing the self-contradictory title of British Sherry—but the less said about that the better, for Sherry can only come from the Jerez district.

At this time of the year I should like to put in an appeal for those fuller and richer Sherries—Old East India or Golden—such as our fathers drank. For they are warming and encouraging and their velvety charm fits in well with the cosiness of Christmas. It is no small thing that good Sherry is only sweetened with Jerez wine. It should have no addition of any other sweetness, though lately an attempt to imitate the cocktail has been responsible for undesirable compositions.

A Wine for the Palate

There is a Sherry for every mood and every time. As an aperitif there is nothing so satisfactory before a meal, for a light dry Sherry not only stimulates the appetite but whets the palate. Even in winter Sherry should be drunk cold; for warmth deprives it of its delicate attraction. No other wine generally drunk has quite such a complicated and interesting history; for a second fermentation elsewhere unknown—I except the Jura and the vin jaune of Chateau Chalon—is involved and its development is unlike that of any other wine.

Champagne is a wine which finds its proper place wherever gaiety and youth are released. Its merriment comes so swiftly and passes gently away without leaving a regret behind. Sham champagnes are an abomination.

For the middle aged who seek not a momentary satisfaction, but the peace of philosophy and the consolation of happy memories, Claret and Burgundy provide an enchantment which is something more than an illusion. Vintage years are things to remember for these wines and it is far wiser to choose a wine of lower repute and a good year than a famous cru of a bad year. For Claret, there are still 1920's, 1923's, 1924's to be found, while 1923 is a very good year for Burgundy, 1919 not to be despised and 1926 full of promise.

Every wine-lover knows about Cognac and will find in that quintessence of wine a suitable end to his Christmas feast. But I should like to put in a word for another spirit that is absolutely British and marvellously adapted to our requirements. Rum has for ever connected its name with the British Navy and there must be few men who served in the war who do not owe it a debt of gratitude. Nothing is so warming as this distillation of the sugar cane and in cooking it holds a foremost rank. Rum Punch is the best bond of good fellowship that can be offered for a Christmas or New Year party.

H.W.A.

The Bagman's Story

By CHARLES DICKENS

"ONE winter's evening, about five o'clock, just as it began to grow dusk, a man in a gig might have been seen urging his tired horse along the road which leads across Marlborough Downs, in the direction of Bristol. I say he might have been seen, and I have no doubt he would have been, if anybody but a blind man had happened to pass that way; but the weather was so bad, and the night so cold and wet, that nothing was out but the water, and so the traveller jogged along in the middle of the road, lonesome and dreary enough. If any bagman of that day could have caught sight of the little neck-or-nothing sort of gig, with a clay-coloured body and red wheels, and the vixenish ill-tempered, fast-going bay mare that looked like a cross between a butcher's horse and a two-penny post-office pony, he would have known at once that this traveller could have been no other than Tom Smart, of the great house of Bilson and Slum, Cateaton Street, City. However, as there was no bagman to look on, nobody knew anything at all about the matter; and so Tom Smart and his clay-coloured gig with the red wheels, and the vixenish mare with the fast pace, went on together, keeping the secret among them: and nobody was a bit the wiser.

"There are many pleasanter places even in this dreary world than Marlborough Downs when it blows hard; and, if you throw in beside a gloomy winter's evening, a miry and sloppy road, and a pelting fall of heavy rain, and try the effect, by way of experiment, in your own proper person, you will experience the full force of this observation.

"The wind blew—not up the road or down it though that's bad enough, but sheer across it, sending the rain slanting down like the lines they used to rule in the copy-books at school, to make the boys slope well. For a moment it would die away, and the traveller would begin to delude himself into the belief that, exhausted with its previous fury, it had quietly lain itself down to rest, when, whoo! he would hear it growling and whistling in the distance, and on it would come rushing over the hill-tops, and sweeping along the plain, gathering sound and strength as it drew nearer, until it dashed with a heavy gust against horse and man, driving the sharp rain into their ears, and its cold damp breath into their very bones; and past them it would scour, far, far away, with a stunning roar, as if in ridicule of their weakness, and triumphant in the consciousness of its own strength and power.

"The bay mare splashed away, through the mud and water, with drooping ears; now and then tossing her head as if to express her disgust at this very ungentlemanly behaviour of the elements, but keeping a good pace notwithstanding, until a gust of wind, more furious than any that had yet assailed them, caused her to stop suddenly and

plant her four feet firmly against the ground, to prevent her being blown over. It's a special mercy that she did this, for if she *had* been blown over, the vixenish mare was so light, and the gig was so light, and Tom Smart such a light weight into the bargain, that they must infallibly have all gone rolling over and over together until they reached the confines of earth, or until the wind fell; and in either case the probability is that neither the vixenish mare, nor the clay-coloured gig with the red wheels, nor Tom Smart, would ever have been fit for service again.

"Well, damn my straps and whiskers," says Tom Smart (Tom sometimes had an unpleasant knack of swearing), "Damn my straps and whiskers," says Tom, "if this ain't pleasant, blow me!"

"You'll very likely ask me why, as Tom Smart had been pretty well blown already, he expressed this wish to be submitted to the same process again. I can't say—all I know is that Tom Smart said so—or at least he always told my uncle he said so, and it's just the same thing.

"Blow me," says Tom Smart; and the mare neighed as if she were precisely of the same opinion.

"Cheer up, old girl," said Tom, patting the bay mare on the neck with the end of his whip. "It won't do pushing on, such a night as this; the first house we come to we'll put up at, so the faster you go the sooner it's over. Soho, old girl—gently—gently."

"Whether the vixenish mare was sufficiently well acquainted with the tones of Tom's voice to comprehend his meaning, or whether she found it colder standing still than moving on, of course I can't say. But I can say that Tom had no sooner finished speaking, than she pricked up her ears, and started forward at a speed which made the clay-coloured gig rattle till you would have supposed every one of the red spokes were going to fly out on the turf of Marlborough Downs; and even Tom, whip as he was, couldn't stop or check her pace until she drew up, of her own accord, before a roadside inn on the right-hand side of the way, about half a quarter of a mile from the end of the Downs.

"Tom cast a hasty glance at the upper part of the house as he threw the reins to the hostler, and stuck the whip in the box. It was a strange old place, built of a kind of shingle, inlaid, as it were, with cross-beams, with gabled-topped windows projecting completely over the pathway, and a low door with a dark porch, and a couple of steep steps leading down into the house, instead of the modern fashion of half a dozen shallow ones leading up to it. It was a comfortable-looking place, though, for there was a strong cheerful light in the bar-window, which shed a bright ray across the road, and even lighted up the hedge on the other side; and there was a red flickering light in

the opposite window, one moment but faintly discernible, and the next gleaming strongly through the drawn curtains, which intimated that a rousing fire was blazing within. Marking these little evidences with the eye of an experienced traveller, Tom dismounted with as much agility as his half-frozen limbs would permit, and entered the house.

"In less than five minutes' time, Tom was ensconced in the room opposite the bar—the very room where he had imagined the fire blazing—before a substantial matter-of-fact roaring fire, composed of something short of a bushel of coals, and wood enough to make half a dozen decent gooseberry bushes, piled half-way up the chimney, and roaring and crackling with a sound that of itself would have warmed the heart of any reasonable man. This was comfortable, but this was not all, for a smartly-dressed girl, with a bright eye and a neat ankle, was laying a very clean white cloth on the table; and as Tom sat with his slippered feet on the fender, and his back to the open door, he saw a charming prospect of the bar reflected in the glass over the chimney-piece, with delightful rows of green bottles and gold labels, together with jars of pickles and preserves, and cheeses and boiled hams, and rounds of beef, arranged on shelves in the most tempting and delicious array. Well, this was comfortable too; but even this was not all—for in the bar, seated at tea at the nicest possible little table, drawn close up before the brightest possible little fire, was a buxom widow of somewhere about eight and forty or thereabouts, with a face as comfortable as the bar, who was evidently the landlady of the house, and the supreme ruler over all these agreeable possessions. There was only one drawback to the beauty of the whole picture, and that was a tall man—a very tall man—in a brown coat and bright basket buttons, and black whiskers, and wavy black hair, who was seated at tea with the widow, and who it required no great penetration to discover was in a fair way of persuading her to be a widow no longer, but to confer upon him the privilege of sitting down in that bar for and during the whole remainder of the term of his natural life.

"Tom Smart was by no means of an irritable or envious disposition, but somehow or other the tall man with the brown coat and the bright basket buttons did rouse what little gall he had in his composition, and did make him feel extremely indignant; the more especially as he could now and then observe, from his seat before the glass, certain little affectionate familiarities passing between the tall man and the widow, which sufficiently denoted that the tall man was as high in favour as he was in size. Tom was fond of hot punch—I may venture to say he was *very* fond of hot punch—and after he had seen the vixenish mare well fed and well littered down, and eaten every bit of the nice little hot dinner which the widow tossed up for him with her own hands, he just ordered a tumbler of it, by way of experiment. Now, if there was one thing in the whole range of domestic art which the widow could manufacture better than another it was this identical article; and the first tumbler was adapted to Tom Smart's taste with



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such peculiar nicety that he ordered a second with the least possible delay. Hot punch is a pleasant thing, gentlemen—an extremely pleasant thing under any circumstances—but in that snug old parlour, before the roaring fire, with the wind blowing outside till every timber in the old house creaked again, Tom Smart found it perfectly delightful. He ordered another tumbler, and then another—I am not quite certain whether he didn't order another after that—but the more he drank of the hot punch, the more he thought of the tall man.

"'Confound his impudence!' said Tom to himself, 'what business has he in that snug bar? Such an ugly villain, too!'" said Tom. "If the widow had any taste, she might surely pick up some better fellow than that." Here Tom's eye wandered from the glass on the chimney-piece, to the glass on the table; and as he felt himself become gradually sentimental, he emptied the fourth tumbler of punch and ordered a fifth.

"Tom Smart, gentlemen, had always been very much attached to the public line. It had long been his ambition to stand in a bar of his own, in a green coat, knee-cords, and tops. He had a great notion of taking the chair at convivial dinners, and he had often thought how well he could preside in a room of his own in the talking way, and what a capital example he could set to his customers in the drinking department. All these things passed rapidly through Tom's mind as he sat drinking the hot punch by the roaring fire, and he felt very justly and properly indignant that the tall man should be in a fair way of keeping such an excellent house, while he, Tom Smart, was as far from it as ever. So, after deliberating over the last two tumblers, whether he hadn't a perfect right to pick a quarrel with the tall man for having contrived to get into the good graces of the buxom widow, Tom Smart at last arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that he was a very ill-used and persecuted individual, and had better go to bed.

"Up a wide and ancient staircase the smart girl preceded Tom, shading the chamber candle with her hand, to protect it from the currents of air which in such a rambling old place might have found plenty of room to disport themselves in, without blowing the candle out, but which did blow it out nevertheless; thus affording Tom's enemies an opportunity of asserting that it was he, and not the wind, who extinguished the candle, and that, while he pretended to be blowing it alight again, he was in fact kissing the girl. Be this as it may, another light was obtained, and Tom was conducted through a maze of rooms, and a labyrinth of passages, to the apartment which had been prepared for his reception, where the girl bade him good night, and left him alone.

"It was a good large room with big closets, and

a bed which might have served for a whole boarding-school, to say nothing of a couple of oaken presses that would have held the baggage of a small army; but what struck Tom's fancy most was a strange, grim-looking high-backed chair, carved in the most fantastic manner, with a flowered damask cushion, and the round knobs at the bottom of the legs carefully tied up in red cloth, as if it had got the gout in its toes. Of any other queer chair, Tom would only have thought it was a queer chair, and there would have been an end of the matter; but there was something about this particular chair, and yet he couldn't tell what it was, so odd and so unlike any other piece of furniture he had ever seen, that it seemed to fascinate him. He sat down before the fire, and stared at the old chair for half an hour—Deuce take the chair! it was such a strange old thing, he couldn't take his eyes off it.

"Well," said Tom, slowly undressing himself, and staring at the old chair all the while, which stood with a mysterious aspect by the bed-side, 'I never saw such a rum concern as that in my days. Very odd,' said Tom, who had got rather sage with the hot punch, 'Very odd.' Tom shook his head with an air of profound wisdom, and looked at the chair again. He couldn't make anything of it, though, so he got into bed, covered himself up warm, and fell asleep.

"In about half an hour, Tom woke up, with a start, from a confused dream of tall men and tumblers of punch: and the first object that presented itself to his waking imagination was the queer chair.

"'I won't look at it any more,' said Tom to himself, and he squeezed his eyelids together, and tried to persuade himself he was going to sleep again. No use; nothing but queer chairs danced before his eyes, kicking up their legs, jumping over each other's backs, and playing all kinds of antics.

"'I may as well see one real chair, as two or three complete sets of false ones,' said Tom, bringing out his head from under the bed-clothes. There it was, plainly discernible by the light of the fire, looking as provoking as ever.

"Tom gazed at the chair; and, suddenly as he looked at it, a most extraordinary change seemed to come over it. The carving of the back gradually assumed the lineaments and expression of an old shrivelled human face; the damask cushion became an antique, flapped waistcoat; the round knobs grew into a couple of feet, encased in red cloth slippers; and the old chair looked like a very ugly old man, of the previous century, with his arms a-kimbo. Tom sat up in bed, and rubbed his eyes to dispel the illusion. No. The chair was an ugly old gentleman; and, what was more, he was winking at Tom Smart.

"Tom was naturally a headlong, careless sort of dog, and he had had five tumblers of hot punch into the bargain; so, although he was a little startled at first, he began to grow rather indignant when he saw the old gentleman winking and leering at him with such an impudent air. At length he resolved that he wouldn't stand it; and as the old face still kept winking away as fast as ever,

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Tom said, in a very angry tone:

"What the devil are you winking at me for?"

"Because I like it, Tom Smart," said the chair; or the old gentleman, whichever you like to call him. He stopped winking, though, when Tom spoke, and began grinning like a superannuated monkey.

"How do you know my name, old nutcracker face!" inquired Tom Smart, rather staggered—though he pretended to carry it off so well.

"Come, come, Tom," said the old gentleman, 'that's not the way to address solid Spanish Mahogany. Dam'me, you couldn't treat me with less respect if I was veneered.' When the old gentleman said this, he looked so fierce that Tom began to be frightened.

"I didn't mean to treat you with any disrespect, sir," said Tom; in a much humbler tone than he had spoken in at first.

"Well, well," said the old fellow, 'perhaps not—perhaps not. Tom—'

"Sir—"

"I know everything about you, Tom; everything. You're very poor, Tom."

"I certainly am," said Tom Smart. 'But how came you to know that?'

"Never mind that," said the old gentleman; 'you're much too fond of punch, Tom.'

"Tom Smart was just on the point of protesting that he hadn't tasted a drop since his last birth-day, but when his eye encountered that of the old gentleman, he looked so knowing that Tom blushed, and was silent.

"Tom," said the old gentleman, 'the widow's a fine woman—remarkably fine woman—eh, Tom?' Here the old fellow screwed up his eyes, cocked up one of his wasted little legs, and looked altogether so unpleasantly amorous, that Tom was quite disgusted with the levity of his behaviour—at his time of life, too!

"I am her guardian, Tom," said the old gentleman.

"Are you?" inquired Tom Smart.

"I knew her mother, Tom," said the old fellow; 'and her grandmother. She was very fond of me—made me this waistcoat, Tom.'

"Did she?" said Tom Smart.

"And these shoes," said the old fellow, lifting up one of the red-cloth mufflers; 'but don't mention it, Tom. I shouldn't like to have it known that she was so much attached to me. It might occasion some unpleasantness in the family.' When the old rascal said this, he looked so extremely impertinent, that, as Tom Smart afterwards declared, he could have sat upon him without remorse.

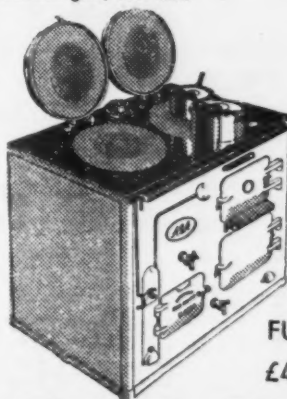
"I have been a great favourite among the women in my time, Tom," said the profligate old debauchee; 'hundreds of fine women have sat in my lap for hours together. What do you think of that, you dog, eh?' The old gentleman was proceeding to recount some other exploits of his youth, when he was seized with such a violent fit of creaking that he was unable to proceed.

"Just serves you right, old boy," thought Tom Smart; but he didn't say anything.

"Ah!" said the old fellow, 'I am a good deal

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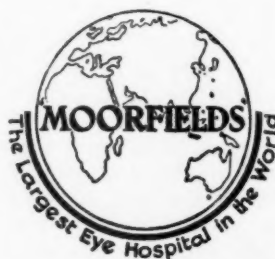
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troubled with this now. I am getting old, Tom, and have lost nearly all my rails. I have had an operation performed, too—a small piece let into my back—and I found it a severe trial, Tom.'

" 'I daresay you did, sir,' said Tom Smart.

" 'However,' said the old gentleman, 'it is not the point, Tom! I want you to marry the widow.'

" 'Me, sir!' said Tom.

" 'You,' said the old gentleman.

" 'Bless your reverend locks,' said Tom—(he had a few scattered horse-hairs left), 'bless your reverend locks, she wouldn't have me.' And Tom sighed involuntarily, as he thought of the bar.

" 'Wouldn't she?' said the old gentleman, firmly.

" 'No, no,' said Tom; 'there's somebody else in the wind. A tall man—a confoundedly tall man—with black whiskers.'

" 'Tom,' said the old gentleman; 'she will never have him.'

" 'Won't she?' said Tom. 'If you stood in the bar, old gentleman, you'd tell another story.'

" 'Pooh, pooh,' said the old gentleman. 'I know all about that.'

" 'About what?' said Tom.

" 'The kissing behind the door, and all that sort of thing, Tom,' said the old gentleman. And here he gave another impudent look, which made Tom very wroth, because as you all know, gentlemen, to hear an old fellow, who ought to know better, talking about these things, is very unpleasant—nothing more so.

" 'I know all about that, Tom,' said the old gentleman. 'I have seen it done very often in my time, Tom, between more people than I should like to mention to you; but it never came to anything after all.'

" 'You must have seen some queer things,' said Tom, with an inquisitive look.

" 'You may say that, now,' replied the old fellow, with a very complicated wink. 'I am the last of my family, Tom,' said the old gentleman, with a melancholy sigh.

" 'Was it a large one?' inquired Tom Smart.

" 'There were twelve of us, Tom,' said the old gentleman; 'fine, straight-backed, handsome fellows as you'd wish to see. None of your modern abortions—all with arms, and with a degree of polish, though I say it that should not, which would have done your heart good to behold.'

" 'And what's become of the others, sir?' asked Tom Smart.

" The old gentleman applied his elbow to his eye as he replied, 'Gone, Tom, gone. We had hard service, Tom, and they hadn't all my constitution. They got rheumatic about the legs and arms, and went into kitchens and other hospitals; and one of 'em, with long service and hard usage, positively lost his senses: he got so crazy that he was obliged to be burnt. Shocking thing that, Tom.'

" 'Dreadful!' said Tom Smart.

" The old fellow paused for a few minutes, apparently struggling with his feelings of emotion, and then said:

" 'However, Tom, I am wandering from the

point. This tall man, Tom, is a rascally adventurer. The moment he married the widow, he would sell off all the furniture, and run away. What would be the consequence? She would be deserted and reduced to ruin, and I should catch my death of cold in some broker's shop.'

" 'Yes, but—'

" 'Don't interrupt me,' said the old gentleman. 'Of you, Tom, I entertain a very different opinion; for I well know that if you once settled yourself in a public-house, you would never leave it, as long as there was anything to drink within its walls.'

" 'I am very much obliged to you for your good opinion, sir,' said Tom Smart.

" 'Therefore,' resumed the old gentleman, in a dictatorial tone, 'you shall have her, and he shall not.'

" 'What is to prevent it?' said Tom Smart, eagerly.

" 'This disclosure,' replied the old gentleman: 'he is already married.'

" 'How can I prove it?' said Tom, starting half out of bed.

" The old gentleman untucked his arm from his side, and, having pointed to one of the oaken presses, immediately replaced it in its old position.

" 'He little thinks,' said the old gentleman, 'that in the right-hand pocket of a pair of trousers in that press, he has left a letter, entreating him to return to his disconsolate wife, with six—mark me, Tom—six babes, and all of them small ones.'

" As the old gentleman solemnly uttered these

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words, his features grew less and less distinct, and his figure more shadowy. A film came over Tom Smart's eyes. The old man seemed gradually blending into the chair, the damask waistcoat to resolve into a cushion, the red slippers to shrink into little red cloth bags. The light faded gently away, and Tom Smart fell back on his pillow, and dropped asleep.

"Morning aroused Tom from the lethargic slumber, into which he had fallen on the disappearance of the old man. He sat up in bed, and for some minutes vainly endeavoured to recall the events of the preceding night. Suddenly they rushed upon him. He looked at the chair; it was a fantastic and grim-looking piece of furniture, certainly, but it must have been a remarkably ingenious and lively imagination that could have discovered any resemblance between it and an old man.

"How are you, old boy?" said Tom. He was bolder in the daylight—most men are.

"The chair remained motionless, and spoke not a word.

"Miserable morning," said Tom. No. The chair would not be drawn into conversation.

"Which press did you point to?—you can tell me that," said Tom. Devil a word, gentlemen, the chair would say.

"It's not much trouble to open it, anyhow," said Tom, getting out of bed very deliberately. He walked up to one of the presses. The key was in the lock; he turned it, and opened the door. There was a pair of trousers there. He put his hand into the pocket, and drew forth the identical letter the old gentleman had described!

"Queer sort of thing, this," said Tom Smart; looking first at the chair and then at the press, and then at the letter, and then at the chair again. 'Very queer,' said Tom. But, as there was nothing in either, to lessen the queerness, he thought he might as well dress himself, and settle the tall man's business at once—just to put him out of his misery.

"Tom surveyed the rooms he passed through, on his way down-stairs, with the scrutinising eye of a landlord; thinking it not impossible, that before long, they and their contents would be his property. The tall man was standing in the snug little bar, with his hands behind him, quite at home. He grinned vacantly at Tom. A casual observer might have supposed he did it, only to show his white teeth; but Tom Smart thought that a consciousness of triumph was passing through the place where the tall man's mind would have been, if he had had any. Tom laughed in his face; and summoned the landlady.

"Good morning, ma'am," said Tom Smart, closing the door of the little parlour as the widow entered.

"Good morning, sir," said the widow. 'What will you take for breakfast, sir?'

"Tom was thinking how he should open the case, so he made no answer.

"There's a very nice ham," said the widow, and a beautiful cold larded fowl. Shall I send 'em in, sir?'

"These words roused Tom from his reflex-

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tions. His admiration of the widow increased as she spoke. Thoughtful creature! Comfortable provider!

"Who is that gentleman in the bar, ma'am?" inquired Tom.

"His name is Jenkins, sir," said the widow, slightly blushing.

"He's a tall man," said Tom.

"He is a very fine man, sir," replied the widow, "and a very nice gentleman."

"Ah!" said Tom.

"Is there anything more you want, sir?" inquired the widow, rather puzzled by Tom's manner.

"Why, yes," said Tom. "My dear ma'am, will you have the kindness to sit down for one moment?"

The widow looked much amazed, but she sat down, and Tom sat down too, close beside her. I don't know how it happened, gentlemen—indeed my uncle used to tell me that Tom Smart said *he* didn't know how it happened either—but somehow or other the palm of Tom's hand fell upon the back of the widow's hand, and remained there while he spoke.

"My dear ma'am," said Tom Smart—he had always a great notion of committing the amiable—"My dear ma'am, you deserve a very excellent husband—you do indeed."

"Lor', sir," said the widow—as well she might: Tom's mode of commencing the conversation being rather unusual, not to say startling; the fact of his never having set eyes upon her before the previous night, being taken into consideration. "Lor', sir."

"I scorn to flatter, my dear ma'am," said Tom Smart. "You deserve a very admirable husband, and whoever he is, he'll be a very lucky man." As Tom said this his eye involuntarily wandered from the widow's face, to the comforts around him.

The widow looked more puzzled than ever, and made an effort to rise. Tom gently pressed her hand, as if to detain her, and she kept her seat. Widows, gentlemen, are not usually timorous, as my uncle used to say.

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you, sir, for your good opinion," said the buxom landlady, half laughing; "and if ever I marry again—"

"If," said Tom Smart, looking very shrewdly out of the right-hand corner of his left eye. "If—"

"Well," said the widow, laughing outright this time. "When I do, I hope I shall have as good a husband as you describe."

"Jenkins to wit," said Tom.

"Lor', sir!" exclaimed the widow.

"Oh, don't tell me," said Tom, "I know him."

"I am sure nobody who knows him, knows anything bad of him," said the widow, bridling up at the mysterious air with which Tom had spoken.

"Hem!" said Tom Smart.

The widow began to think it was high time to cry, so she took out her handkerchief and inquired whether Tom wished to insult her: whether

he thought it like a gentleman to take away the character of another gentleman behind his back: why, if he had got anything to say, he didn't say it to the man, like a man, instead of terrifying a poor weak woman in that way; and so forth.

"I'll say it to him fast enough," said Tom, "only I want you to hear it first."

"What is it?" inquired the widow, looking intently in Tom's countenance.

"I'll astonish you," said Tom, putting his hand in his pocket.

"If it is, that he wants money," said the widow, "I know that already, and you needn't trouble yourself."

"Pooh, nonsense, that's nothing," said Tom Smart. "I want money. 'Tan't that."

"Oh, dear, what can it be?" exclaimed the poor widow.

"Don't be frightened," said Tom Smart. He slowly drew forth the letter, and unfolded it. "You won't scream?" said Tom, doubtfully.

"No, no," replied the widow; "let me see it."

"You won't go fainting away, or any of that nonsense?" said Tom.

"No, no," returned the widow, hastily.

"And don't run out, and blow him up," said Tom, "because I'll do all that for you; you had better not exert yourself."

"Well, well," said the widow, "let me see it."

"I will," replied Tom Smart; and, with these words, he placed the letter in the widow's hand.

Gentlemen, I have heard my uncle say, that Tom Smart said the widow's lamentations when she heard the disclosure would have pierced a heart of stone. Tom was certainly very tender-hearted, but they pierced his, to the very core. The widow rocked herself to and fro, and wrung her hands.

"Oh, the deception and villainy of man!" said the widow.

"Frightful, my dear ma'am; but compose yourself," said Tom Smart.

"Oh, I can't compose myself," shrieked the widow. "I shall never find any one else I can love so much!"

"Oh yes, you will, my dear soul," said Tom Smart, letting fall a shower of the largest sized tears, in pity for the widow's misfortunes. Tom Smart, in the energy of his compassion, had put his arm round the widow's waist; and the widow, in a passion of grief, had clasped Tom's hand. She looked up in Tom's face and smiled through her tears. Tom looked down in hers, and smiled through his.

"I could never find out, gentlemen, whether Tom did or did not kiss the widow at that particular moment. He used to tell my uncle he didn't, but I have my doubts about it. Between ourselves, gentlemen, I rather think he did."

"At all events, Tom kicked the very tall man out at the front door half an hour after, and married the widow a month after. And he used to drive about the country, with the clay-coloured gig with red wheels, and the vixenish mare with the fast pace, till he gave up business many years

(Continued at foot of page 640)

HEARTBREAKS at Christmas!



THE Christmas aim of the Church Army is to provide warmth and good cheer for those in genuine need. There will be sadness and suffering enough in the homes of the very poor; the question is whether we can pull together to make the number of sufferers as small as possible.

What are the promptings of YOUR Heart?

Will you not show sympathy with these very poor families? Your gift to help one or more will be gratefully received by Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Sec., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

£5
will provide parcels of good fare for TEN POOR FAMILIES.
10/- will pay for ONE such parcel.

CHURCH ARMY



Giving Joy at Christmas

WITH or without a red coat and whiskers you may be helping to keep alive the tradition of Santa Claus. It would be a sadder world without him. Will you be a party to another good work which aims at giving lasting happiness

TO ILL-TREATED LITTLE CHILDREN?

Into the lives of unhappy little ones the N.S.P.C.C. comes with gifts of happiness and a fair chance in life. Its defence of young victims of brutality, ignorance and neglect has earned nation-wide esteem.

On an average FOUR little children are helped every FIVE minutes of every working day.

Will you kindly extend your Christmas Goodwill beyond your own circle by sending a donation to-day to Hon. Treas. Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, or to the Director, William J. Elliott, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

The N.S.P.C.C.

Chairman: The Viscount Ullswater, G.C.B.

The Theatre

Is She Another Immortal?

By PRINCE NICOLAS GALITZINE

ONCE more, I presume, Mr. C. B. Cochran will be acclaimed as a great showman. Certainly for weeks past his cymbals and fanfares, his "barkers," all his complicated publicity machine have been proclaiming the advent of Elizabeth Bergner. The whole of London went to the first night of the Apollo and succumbed to this brilliant little newcomer. I was one of the victims.

Miss Bergner is undoubtedly a great actress—but is she one of those geniuses that happen only once in a generation?

She took her part with clever thoughtfulness. The transition of her moods came with astonishing ease. From being provocative, even comic, she turned to a thoughtful ingenuousness with the ease of a growing plant. Throughout the play she had the perfect command of movement and stage action that conveys artlessness to such a degree that one forgets the acting.

However, here and there, one found a chink in her armour. The monotone of her voice, due perhaps to the unfamiliar language, aged her a lot, inappropriately to her appearance, which was handicapped continuously by her costumes. Her treatment of emotional climaxes was subdued. Or was it that she could not give them poignancy? This uncertainty makes one long to see her in a different part, the present one being so obviously the right one for her.

Escape Me Never. By Margaret Kennedy.
Apollo Theatre.

THE BAGMAN'S STORY—Contd.

afterwards, and went to France with his wife; and then the old house was pulled down."

"Will you allow me to ask you," said the inquisitive old gentleman, "what became of that chair?"

"Why," replied the one-eyed bagman, "it was observed to creak very much on the day of the wedding; but Tom Smart couldn't say for certain whether it was with pleasure or bodily infirmity. He rather thought it was the latter, though, for it never spoke afterwards."

"Everybody believed the story, didn't they?" said the dirty-faced man, re-filling his pipe.

"Except Tom's enemies," replied the bagman. "Some of 'em said Tom invented it altogether; and others said he was drunk, and fancied it, and got hold of the wrong trousers by mistake before he went to bed. But nobody ever minded what they said."

"Tom said it was all true?"

"Every word."

"And your uncle?"

"Every letter."

"They must have been very nice men, both of 'em," said the dirty-faced man.

"Yes, they were," replied the bagman; "very nice men indeed!"

THREE WORLD-FAMOUS AUTHORS PLEAD HUMANITY'S CAUSE



J. B. PRIESTLEY

"In response to your Urgent Appeal for funds, I enclose a cheque for twenty-five pounds. I am certain that when people realise that The Cancer Hospital is in such constant need of money to carry on its great work both as a FREE Hospital and as a centre of Research into the origins of this terrible disease, they will instantly come to your support and your £40,000 overdraft will vanish like magic. Your Hospital, day and night by every possible means, is fighting Cancer, and it is unthinkable that we should not come to your assistance and GIVE SOMETHING AT ONCE."



WARWICK DEEPING

"Not only as one who has been a doctor, but as a man who has watched someone who was very dear to him martyred by this terrible disease, I do appeal to those who can help to come to the succour of The Cancer Hospital. No institution could have a greater claim both upon our pity and our purses."



HUGH WALPOLE

"Sympathy is not enough; it is your duty and mine to give practical aid. . . . The Cancer Hospital is doing work of which the Nation should be proud. It is fighting this disease—trying to establish its cause and discover a cure. I ask my readers to send what they can to the Secretary. There must be no faltering now, with success just round the corner. WILL YOU POST YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO-DAY FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE?"

Will you please do your share towards the conquest of Cancer by sending a special Christmas Gift to the Secretary.

The
Cancer
Hospital
(FREE)

Founded
1851

Research
Institute
Built 1910

FULHAM ROAD :: LONDON, S.W.3

Bankers: Coutts & Co., 440, Strand, London, W.C.2

Brighter Stock Markets

Another Preference||Share Scheme

[By Our City Editor]

ONCE again the Stock Exchange has shown itself able to resist the depressing influences of international uncertainties surrounding currencies, exchanges, War debts and other ever-present hinderances to international trade. Week by week, and month by month, Britain is able to furnish cheerful evidence of recovery and during November last British exports of manufactured goods were 14 per cent. higher than in November 1932.

The latest figures of registered employed workers showed an increase for November of 31,000 and the reports of our leading industrial companies continue to show, almost without exception, a steady improvement compared with the previous year. Stock Markets under these influences have shown considerable cheerfulness in almost all sections.

The Home Railway market is still "bullish," as it is bound to be with traffic increases recorded each week, and in the industrial section Aviation shares have been especially active and strong. The De Havilland report showed a big recovery for the past year in profits and there is a feeling that the curtailed Air programme must give way to a realisation of the need for adequate aerial defence of Britain's shores with consequent benefit to British Aircraft manufacturers.

Taylors (Cash Chemists) Scheme

In these days when it is difficult for companies to earn the high rates of interest payable on their preference shares, it is only to be expected that a number of schemes will be put forward for the reduction of these charges in accordance with the fall in interest rates and earning capacity. Each of these schemes must be judged on its merits and so long as the prior claims of the preference shareholders are recognised, it is obviously a good thing for a company's capital position to be adjusted to meet current conditions.

The directors of Taylors (Cash Chemists) London, Ltd., of which Mr. Philip Hill is Chairman, are putting forward such a scheme for wiping-out the arrears of dividend on the 750,000 £1 7½ per cent. cumulative preferred ordinary shares. For the year to September 30 last, there was a loss after charging the preferred dividend of £13,994 and now it is proposed to divide these shares into 375,000 of 6 per cent. cumulative preference and 375,000 of preferred ordinary shares each of £1 funding the arrears of preferred dividend with

certificates bearing interest at 5 per cent. The balance of profit in any year after meeting the 6 per cent. preference dividend and the funding certificate interest will be divided as to 75 per cent. to the preferred ordinary shares and 25 per cent. to the deferred shares.

The present preferred shareholders, therefore, obtain a further share of the equity in return for giving up 1½ per cent. per annum on a portion of their capital, and on the basis of the past year's profits the interest on the new 6 per cent. preference shares would have been covered 1½ times.

High-Yielding Preferences

These schemes for reducing preference charges should not be allowed to divert the attention of the investor for income from the high-yields obtainable from some preference issues at the moment. Horne Brothers 7 per cent. cumulative preference can be obtained at about 22/3d. to yield £6 6s. per cent. and the dividend was covered last year. Meakers 7 per cent. cumulative preference give the still higher return of £6 18s. per cent. the dividend being more than covered by last year's profits, while the dividend on Pharaoh Gane and Co. 8 per cent. cumulative preference shares was covered 3½ times. Some 2,000 of these shares are on offer to yield 6½ per cent., a better return than can be obtained from most ordinary shares with similar risks as regards income and higher risks as regards capital.

Record A.B.C. Profits

Since 1929 when the Aerated Bread Company did not earn its preference dividend, the company has made a rapid recovery, and the profits for the year to September 30 last, again constitute a record at £210,550. The directors have allowed £57,514 for depreciation and are strengthening the financial position by placing £30,000 to reserve, the dividend being again 5 per cent. During the year a controlling interest in Pritchards, Ltd. has been acquired and the position as regards subsidiaries has been somewhat simplified by the liquidation of the J.P. Restaurants and Abford Estates companies.

The results of Lewis Berger and Co., the paint manufacturers, for the past year were also highly satisfactory, the net profit of £74,405 comparing with £57,322 for the previous year and enabling the company to pay a dividend of 7½ per cent. for the year, compared with 5 per cent., in addition to placing £25,000 to reserve.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd. Total Funds exceed £43,000,000. Total Income exceeds £10,742,000.

LONDON : 61, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2

EDINBURGH : 64, Princes Street.

Winter Motoring

Ventilation and Fog

By KAYE DON

FROM many aspects there is a great deal to be said for motoring during the Winter.

First of all, the modern closed car does away with the actual discomfort of a low temperature. There are of course, too, enthusiasts who prefer the open air, but they are few and far between. The main joy, however, is the less crowded state of the road, and the actual driving can now be a source of joy instead of a prolonged strain and exasperation.

There are, nevertheless, many points which make all the difference to a journey at this time of year, and one of the most important is ventilation. To breathe the good air is one thing, and to breathe stale air or air mixed with engine fumes is quite another. During the summer this question hardly arises, but in the cold it is vital. Furthermore, whilst the air is fresh, cold is not felt to anything like the extent to which it is felt in stale air. It is, of course, a question of proper oxygenation. Very few massed produced car bodies are designed properly to deal with this problem and it is admittedly not one readily soluble. Theoretically there should be a ventilator in the roof of all closed cars, but this after a short vogue was discontinued mainly on æsthetic grounds, since the ventilation itself was a most unsightly excrescence. The best which can be done is to experiment with different combinations of window openings.

But it is fog which is the real bugbear of winter motoring.

There is then no question of driving fast, it is a question of being able to drive at all, and it is the only weather condition which can definitely stop movement. It may be of some interest, however, to see what is the best which can be done to make driving under these conditions as easy as possible:

In considering for a moment what fog is, we find that apart from the now-a-days comparatively rare London sooty variety, it is semi-condensed water vapour held in the air only under certain conditions of opposing ground and air temperatures.

As we all know when our headlamps are on, the beam is split in every direction by the particles of fog, with the result that no light can get through it, and the driver sees a blank white wall in front of him. An enormous amount of research has been done especially by Government departments on the subject of fog piercing light. The general conclusion so far reached is that the longer the wave length of the light used the more penetrative it is. As we all know, the long wave lengths are at the red end of the visible spectrum, and this is the reason for using an amber filter so as to cut out the short wave lengths or blue light from our lamps. It seems, therefore, that the redder the light the more penetrative, and that all that is

necessary to do in order to be able to see through fog is to use a red filter. The problem is not quite so simple however, since the proportion of red rays to the total light of our lamps is very small. Thus, although this small amount may be highly penetrative it is so feeble that at present a compromise is reached by using amber filters, the wave length of whose light lies half way between the blue and the red.

The source of light of the head lamp of the near future will undoubtedly be some relation to the Neon signs now so extensively used—in that they will be gas tubes of some sort. Astoundingly successful experiments are going on with an oxygenated gas which plays on another substance after the manner of a lime light. The resultant light is penetrative of fog up to about 200 yards and in due course will be produced in a commercial headlamp.

COMPANY MEETING

BANK OF LONDON AND SOUTH AMERICA, LIMITED

The seventy-first ordinary meeting of the Bank of London and South America, Limited, was held yesterday at the Head Office of the Bank, 6-8, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C. Mr. J. W. Beaumont Pease (Chairman) presided.

The Chairman said: With the unsettled conditions of trade and politics all over the world, it is hardly surprising that I cannot report any great improvement in trade in those countries of South America in which our branches are established. Low prices and restricted markets for their products have made it impossible for them to improve their position very greatly, and exchange control has had to continue throughout our financial year with even greater stringency than formerly. It is, however, hoped that by the unfreezing of the accumulated funds waiting for remittances both in Argentina and Brazil things may improve in this respect later.

NET PROFIT

Of interest in our Profit and Loss Account is the reduction of £95,474 in charges at Head Office and branches, the total of which amounts to £971,017 as against £1,066,491 a year ago. Had the rates of exchange ruling on September 30, 1932, suffered no alteration this saving would have been greater by £20,000.

PROSPECTS FOR THE FUTURE

With regard to the future, whilst I am anxious to avoid undue pessimism, I must be equally careful to disclaim any prophetic gifts of an optimistic nature. It must suffice, therefore, for me to say that in some directions there are signs of improvement and evidences of financial reconstruction such as must in time tend towards a return to better conditions. In this hope we must still await with patience, and though we cannot command circumstances, I can at least assure you that your Bank, in its present sound and liquid position, is in all respects ready to take full advantage of that favourable turn of the tide for which we have so long hoped and waited. (Applause.)

A dividend of 8 per cent., less tax, was declared and the meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

Interest under Wills and Properties

THE PAGET GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED

Telephones:
Regent 2309, 5040, 5623.

Telegrams:
"Handle, Piccy," London.

18, SAVILE ROW, LONDON, W.1

LIFE POLICIES, EXPECTATIONS UNDER WILLS AND MARRIAGE SETTLEMENTS, REVERSIONARY INTERESTS, ANNUITIES, LIFE INTERESTS AND OTHER UNUSUAL KINDS OF PROPERTY.

How to Make them Profitable!

ONE of the strangest things we know of, bearing in mind the advancement of our Professional, Commercial, and Financial Life of to-day, is that there exists a large class of Property Holders who are not aware that they possess any property at all, and who, therefore, in many instances suffer privation often for many years. Our experience day by day proves it, and we see not only that such a class exists, but it exists to the enormous extent of at least three out of five holders of that kind of property which we have in mind, and they are not aware that they possess—as they do possess—anything in the nature of disposable, realisable marketable property for their own and immediate substantial benefit.

Species of Property.

That particular section of the public which we have in mind is that which at some distant, certain, or uncertain date are, or become, entitled under the Will of some relative, friend or other person, to money, property, annuity, income or reversion. Likewise many of those who are already in possession of and are enjoying an income or annuity as a life interest are not cognisant of the fact that such may be at once capitalised into a lump sum by way of sale thereof, or that capital may be raised thereupon by way of an advance with no other security required of them.

The Importance of a Specialist.

Without entering upon a description which would of necessity be far too lengthy for the purpose of this announcement of the various and numerous classes of Future Property, we take this opportunity to tender ADVICE TO ALL WHO HAVE EXPECTATIONS TO MONEY, INVESTMENTS, PROPERTY, OR LEGACIES, UNDER WILLS, SETTLEMENTS, DEEDS, ETC., ON THE DEATH OF FRIENDS OR RELATIVES, OR ON FIXED INCOMES, OR ON MONEY IN CHANCERY, OR ANY OTHER LEGAL DOCUMENT OR ARRANGEMENT, HOWEVER REMOTE AND OF WHATEVER SIZE, LARGE OR SMALL, AS FOLLOWS:

1. THAT SUCH CAN BE CAPITALISED.
2. THAT WE CAN RAISE FOR THEM THE MARKET VALUE EITHER BY SALE OUTRIGHT OR BY NEGOTIATING AN ADVANCE UPON THE SAME BY THE BANKS OR ONE OF THE GREAT FINANCIAL HOUSES.
3. THAT ONLY THE EXPERT WHO MAKES HIS SPECIALITY THAT PARTICULAR CLASS OF BUSINESS CAN BE OF REAL SERVICE TO YOU.
4. THAT BETWEEN 4½-5 PER CENT. PER ANNUM IS AMPLE INTEREST TO BE PAID UPON ANY SUCH ADVANCE.
5. THAT WE CAN ARRANGE FOR SUCH ADVANCES TO REMAIN OUT FOR ANY NUMBER OF YEARS IF DESIRED. THE INTEREST CAN BE PAID QUARTERLY, HALF-YEARLY OR YEARLY.

THE PAGET
GUARANTEE CORPORATION,
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18, SAVILE ROW, LONDON, W.1